

A Rogue.—Yesterday, while a number of persons were engaged in putting freight on board the steamer Naples, one of them, a loafer, we presume, broken open a box and found it to contain boots and shoes. Without any ceremony, he helped himself as abundantly as he pleased, and made off with them, however, discovered, pursued, and caught back with the boot-y.

He was asked by his captor—"Where did you get the articles?"

"Well I don't know—where did I get them sure enough?" said the loafer, appearing ignorant of stealing them.

"You stole them out of that box," said the other pointing to the box which had been broken open.

"Well, so I did, I s'pose, but I don't know," said the loafer.

At this time, some person thinking the fellow was giving evidence against himself, strongly suggested to him not to acknowledge, but deny the theft. The loafer took the hint, and instantly made a denial in the affirmative.

"I'll be d—d if I know any thing of the matter at all. I never opened any box—I never saw any box. What do you think I wanted to do with that box?"

"Yes, but you did have something to do with that box; and you've got yourself into very bad box, I can tell you."

"What, me—you mean me—me?—Oh, you can't mean me, I never touched any box in my life!"

"But, I tell you that you did touch that box, you broke it, and you stole those boots and shoes which you now have in your arms, from the box?"

"Well, I know I did; but you can't prove it. Here, take your things back, I don't want them. I must go to my dinner—it's early by this time."

"But, sir, you can't go. I shall send you to the calaboose."

"Calla—what?"

"I shall send you to jail, sir!"

"What, me?—Oh, I couldn't think of such a thing—I must go to my dinner. Here, take your d—d pants on, and throw the bundle on the wharf, the loafer was walking off, when one of the policemen came along and took him to dinner in the vicinity of Capt. Harper's premises.

[Picayune.]

A QUEER CHAP.

The Iowa Patriot relates an anecdote of a Rev. Mr. Scott, an eccentric preacher, in his neighborhood, who was formerly a lawyer in Arkansas, to this effect. When he was living out his shingle, he inscribed on it: A. M. Scott, Attorney at Law.

The tallest man in Arkansas.

Shortly after, the river being very low, he proposed wading that stream, which he actually accomplished; upon which the sign was altered, and ever afterwards read in this manner: A. M. Scott, Attorney at Law.

The man that waded the Arkansas.

FLATTERY.

Flattery has often been the dupes of designing men, in the following way: They have taken an opportunity of praising them for their own confidence, but with a solemn intention to secrecy. The confidante, however, as they know, will infallibly inform her principal, the moment she sees her, and this mode of flattery which always succeeds, is those females who nauseate flattery in any other shape, will not reject it in this; just as we bear the light of the sun when reflected by the moon.

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.

Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor education, but in the mind. A high sense of honor—a determination never to take an advantage of another—and adherence to truth, and delicacy and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings, are the essential and distinguished characteristics of a gentleman.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

THE WAY A KENTUCKIAN COMES OVER FOR THE THIMBLE RIGGS.—Some time since, a Kentuckian arrived at Natchez with a load of produce. Having disposed of his "plunder" and received his pay, he set out for the river to one of the banks to get his "plunder" converted into specie. The amount, four or five hundred dollars, he tied up in an old red bandanna handkerchief, and carried back for the river. His movements were closely watched by a practical prospector of the thimble riggs, who considering the Kentuckian did not understand the game, thought him a fair subject. He was seriously mistaken in the end, however, as the sequel will show. Walking up a side of the flatboat man with much familiarity, he accosted him with—

"Are you a stranger? How do you come about the same?"

"You have lately come down, I take it?"

"Yes, a few days since."

"Have you seen over the city much—about the curiosities about town?"

"No, I haven't. I s'pose, but I don't know," said the loafer.

"Well I don't know—where did I get them sure enough?" said the loafer, appearing ignorant of stealing them.

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SCENE IN ST. LOUIS MARKET.—Have you sold out, Mrs. Lumpkins? said a market woman to her neighbor.

"I can't say I have hold out, I have only gin away, I can't afford to let my hens lay any longer, at a shilling a dozen. I'm going home to stop 'em. They shall lie back till the times gets better. How do you dew with your sass, Mrs. Cauliflower?"

"O, midlin we l, sass is sass, in any market, as the tinker said when he was patching my brass kettle," was the reply; "taters has riz here, if they be down in New York. The steam-ship has ruined the tater market there, bring so many from Ireland. I have a good deal of my butter on my hands yet; I'll store."

"I should think so," said Mrs. Lumpkins, aside. "It will do for the steamboats, for if they can't use it on the table, they may on the engine."

"Hoity-toity! Mrs. Lumpkins, my butter don't smell and taste like old cheese, as some folk's butter does, that I could name in market if I liked."

"I never bring frozen 'taters to market, I thank ye, Mrs. Cauliflower."

"I never sell chickens that died of the pip I'd have you to know."

"None of your personalities, madam!"

"You are not a bit better than you should be," said the other.

"Nor I for your imprudence."

"Back again!"

"Who began it?"

"My finger nails will tell ye." Here the neighbors of the parties interposed, and hindered the beligrants from marring the slight trace of beauty which still lingered on their care-worn, sun-burnt features and billious complexion.

A Trance of a week's duration.

A young girl residing in a house back of German street, between Fourth and Fifth, Southward, a Member of the Methodist Church, known as the Academy, in Fourth street near Arch, on the evening of Wednesday, the 25th ult., arose from her bed, under religious excitement, and began to pray.

The religious exercises, with the workings of her own imaginations, produced such an excitement in her mind as to throw her into a trance, in which condition she has remained since yesterday week, insensible to every object and event around her. During that period she has partaken of no food except such aliments as this cruel, which her friends or attendants forced through her clenched teeth. Such a long period of unconsciousness and abstinence has had no apparent effect upon her health. She breathes regularly—her respiration is similar to that of a person in a deep sleep, and he cheeks and lips have glow and hue of health; the ruddy color of which, added to a face possessing regularity of feature, gives her an extremely interesting and beautiful appearance. The only motion that has been observed during this length of time, by those around her, is a movement of the head, which is turned occasionally from one side to the other, as she lies upon her back, and a rapid rolling of the eye-balls under the closed lids. She has now been eight days in this singular state, and seems no nearer a restoration to a state of consciousness than at the time of the first attack; though yesterday one of her attendants heard her whisper, distinctly, something about her brother which made them believe that the fit of unconsciousness was near its termination. She has been visited by five or six physicians, though it is not known to what they ascribe her present condition whether the effect of physical or mental causes. The "true believers" many who have visited her daily, ascribe it, of course, to supernatural causes, and believe that her spirit is communing with the blessed inhabitants of another world, and that she will be able to make some strange revelations on her recovery—a period to which many of them look forward with feelings of anxious hope. Whatever may have been the cause which produced and continues this singular effect, there is one thing certain, that the facts detailed by her friends, in regard to her present condition, are strictly to be depended, The name of this girl is Nancy Simpson.

[Phila. Ledger Oct. 3d.]

The w of human life are relative. The sailor springs from his warm couch to climb the icy top mast at midnight without a murmur, while the rich merchant complains of the rattling cart which disturbs his evening's repose. In time of peace, we hear the breaking of a bone, a melancholy event—but in war, when we read of the slaughter of our neighbors, and thousands of the enemy, we clap our hands and exclaim, "Glorious victory!"—Boston Herald.

"One sweet kiss, and then I will leave you" as the loafer said to his bottle when the liquor was all out.

"The world is round and like a ball, seems swinging in the air."

"I remember well," said Tom, "that circumstance—my uncle, when I came from school, asked me, among many questions, if the earth was round?"

"Yes sir," I replied, "the world is round and like a ball, seems swinging in the air."

"I don't believe it," said he, "Scripture don't say so. Scripture tell's about the four winds from the four corners of the earth, and that's proof enough that the world's four-square. Now I believe that the sun sets in a hole in the ground, and rises up through a hole on the other side; and that the sky is solid and round, and the world's four square and flat-footed."

"What supports the earth?" I inquired.

"Pillars," said my uncle triumphantly.

"I've always heard 'em say," replied my uncle, "that a little learning is a dangerous thing. Go ask your aunt Polly."

"Now, uncle," said I, "hang a big pump-

kin to the ceiling, and daub it over with molasses, and when you see the flies gather around it, imagine it is the world, and the flies its inhabitants."

"That's the way it works, is it? Well, Tom, is it a fact that the Devil's fire-works is right under the earth?"

"Yes, sir."

"And is it a fact that the Devil's fire-works is right under the earth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well I wonder if the d—d Chines ain't bothered a good deal with the smoke?"

[Cin. News.]

"Practical Phrenology."—It seems to us that a fellow in New Orleans has hit the exacting in the matter of Bumpology. He proposes to furnish Dr. Comb with a newly invented instrument just patented, which he calls a phrenological s n depressing and virtue developing iron skull cap for the moral improvement of the human species! If this machine "answers the expectation of its friends," and works well, we don't see but it will supersede all other moral or even religious appliances. If a man finds a naughty propensity growing in the cranium of his darling, he has only to take a light screw upon it and fairly squeeze it into annihilation at once. We take it that one of y-r ramp-bumps of acquisitiveness—a disposition to seal sheep for instance may be done away with in a trice, by a smart pull or two at the bandage, and that the disposition to commit murder, arson and other peccadilloes may be got rid of readily by an additional turn of the screw. If this gentleman's tournaient for the caput is properly adjusted, there wouldn't be the least difficulty in driving off the propensity to rob a hen-roost. In short, what little influence we have with the Craniologi must be exerted hereafter, in favor of this magnificent invention; but we are waiting for a new bandage which we understand the patentee intends to add, by which the fugacity of a Sub-treasure can be completely controlled.—N. Y. Gazette.

FEMALE INFLUENCE AND ENERGY.

I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, because his spirits are soothed and retrieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that although all abroad by darkness and humiliation, yet there is a little world of love at home, of which he is a monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self neglect; to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant. I have often had occasion to remark the fortune with which woman sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disses which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approached the sublimity. No thing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous path of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortunes, abiding with unshrinking firmness, the bitter blasts of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and had been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is riddled by the thunder-bolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs so, too, it is a tenderly ordered by Providence that woman who is the ornament and dependent of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart.

[Washington Irving.]

A Clergyman was once accosted by a doctor, a professed deist, who asked him if he followed preaching to save souls. "Yes," "Did you ever see a soul?" "No," "Did you ever hear a soul?" "No," "Did you ever smell a soul?" "No," "Did you ever feel a soul?" "Yes," "Well," said the doctor there are four of the senses against one, upon the question whether there is a soul! The clergyman then asked if he were a doctor of medicine? "Yes," "Did you ever see a pain?" "No," "Did you ever taste a pain?" "No," "Did you ever hear a pain?" "No," "Did you ever smell a pain?" "No," "Did you ever feel a pain?" "Yes," "Well," then, said the clergyman, there are also four senses against one, upon the question whether there is a pain; and, sir, you know that there is a pain, and I know that there is a soul!

From the Rose of the Valley.

TIME.—O! Time, mighty is the strength of thy arm, and unceasing is thy ruin as eternity. The glory of a thousand cities lie buried in the dust. Greece! Thou beautiful illustrious Greece! the land of science and art—where now are thy temples of learning and philosophy? Once they were filled with the great men of the earth, and the thunder of Demosthenes resounded in the royal galleries. But alas! where are they now? The wave of Time have swept them from the face of the earth. Rome? thy princely domes, too, are gone—thy consecrated vestals have long left their thrones. And so is Troy no more; her palace halls are silent and her towers of Ilium are mouldering in dust. The powerful Hector, the brave Achilles, is no more. The mighty engines of battle, the thunder of the warrior's clarion the magnificent temples of Carthage, together with the invaders and the invaded have all found one common mausoleum in the boundless ocean of Time. The hills where once the gay, the happy and the beautiful were assembled to meet to

the voluptuous swell" of music and the banquet song and the sport in the bridal dance, are gone down the tide of never returning years, and moss and wild grass cover the spot, while at the "midnight hour the owl's long cry adds to the deep solitude." The trophies and garlands of Fame have faded away. The wreath and diadem which adorned the warrior's brow have been hurled into oblivion. The gigantic bulwarks of genius the ponderous domes of learning, and the increasing labor of years are alike the sport of the hand of time. No edifice is too gorgeous, no blandishments are too resplendent, no empire is too mighty for the blighting power of thy arm.

A few more years and all that now tread the earth will be no more. The rich, the poor, the gay and the beautiful, will have found a resting place beneath the clods of the valley. Nor would I stop the flight of Time—

Now ha ten and bear me to that go'den shore, Where eyes shal cease weeping, and hearts break no note

THE LAST MOMENTS.

The manner in which remarkable persons have met the great enemy of mankind, would form a curious history. To contemplate the different moods and tempers with which frivolity and philosophy have met the king of terrors—whether the one has displayed great weakness, or the other sustained itself in the hour of its great change—to ascertain whether the bold recklessness of the profligate, who has through life scoffed at the dangers and perils of death, has accomplished his last moments—or whether the equanimity with which the good man has contemplated the change while health seemed to place it at a distance has deserted him in the hour of trial—would be a curious speculation and form a great moral lesson to mankind.

Gallani, when dying said, "the dead had sent him a card of invitation."

Wood died clasping in his dying hand the papers of the Athenae Oxoniensis.—Here was the ruling passion strong in death.

A Dane, condemned to death, thus addressed his executioner—"Be quick in cutting off my head, for we have often debated at Tinsburg, whether any sense is retained after the head is off. I will grasp the knife in my hand; if, after the head is off, I strike it towards you, it will show I have no last sense. If I let it drop, it will prove the contrary. Make haste, therefore and end the dispute."

George Keith, a Marshall of Scotland, when dying abroad, sent for Mr. Elliot, the British envoy—"I have sent for you, sir," said he with his usual gaiety "because I think it is pleasant enough that the minister of King George should receive the last breath of an old Jacobite. Besides, you may perhaps have some commissions to give me to Lord Chatham—and as I lay my account for seeing him to-morrow, or the day after, I will carry your despatches with great pleasure."

James Butler, second Duke of Ormond—famed for his extraordinary politeness, and who died at Madrid, in 1745—when he was in the agony of death, fearing that the expression of his countenance in his pain might shock the friends standing by his bedside, said, as his last words, "Messieurs, J'espere que vous excuserez la grimace."

Haller died feeling his own pulse, and when he found it almost gone, said to his physician; "My friend, the artery ceases to beat."

Lord Cabham, (of whom Pope says that his last words were "Save my country, heaven!") not being able to carry a glass of jelly to his mouth, was in such a passion at feeling his own weakness that he threw jelly and glass into Lady Cabham's face and expired.

Last words.

Perhaps it would be difficult to find any thing more decidedly characteristic of the life of an individual, than the last words which are uttered previously to death. The circumstances may be in some degree accounted for it, we call to mind how frequently the dream of the night is merely a reflection of the ideas which have pre-occupied the mind during the day. Death is the great night—the last recollection; the dream of past life. In support of these remarks a few striking examples may be easily adduced. Lucan, when condemned to death by Nero, opened one of his veins, and expired reciting that passage in the "Pharsalia," in which he had described the death of the wounded soldier. Gibert, the most unfortunate poet of his age, died repeating a sacred ode which he had written in his dying moments. The Emperor Adrian composed on his death bed the celebrated apostrophe to his soul, which has been so happily imitated by all human vanities, by writing a ballad on his death bed. Cornelius de Witt, whilst writing under the tortures of his fanatical persecutors recited before he breathed his last, the third ode of the third book of Horace. Bonhours, the grammarian, observed in his last moments, to one of his friends, "Je vais, ou je me mourir, car l'un et l'autre se disent." Malherbe with his dying breath reproached his servants for their lechisms, and corrected their errors of language. Lumotho de Vayer, who devoted himself much to the study of history and manners of remote nations, breathed his last whilst inquiring of one of his friends what was the latest intelligence from the Mogul. Finally, we may quote the last words uttered by Lergney, the mathematician, as the moment of his dissolution approached, he seemed to lose his collector's of mind, and appeared unable to recognize the persons about him. One of his friends asked what was the sum of twelve? A hundred and forty-four," he replied, and breathed his last.

COMMERCIAL.

From the Western World.

MEMPHIS PRICES CURRENT

Bacon, - - - - -	\$00 9 a 00
P. rk, (bulk), - - - - -	none
Flour, - - - - -	6 00 a 5 50
Lard, (pr. lb.), - - - - -	10 a 7
Sugar, - - - - -	9 a 10 0
Coffee, - - - - -	14 50 a 17 0
Whiskey, (per gal), - - - - -	00 55 a 00 5
Molasses, - - - - -	00 50 a 00 5
Meal, (per bushel), - - - - -	0 62 a 0 7
Salt, Kenawha, - - - - -	1 00 a 0 0
gond allum, (pr sack), - - - - -	4 00 a 4 5
Liverpool blown, - - - - -	4 50 a 4 7
Candles, Sperm, (per lb.), - - - - -	00 50 a 00 5
talow, m. u. d. - - - - -	00 18 a 00 2
Rice, (per lb.), - - - - -	00 00 a 00 1
Nails, cut, assorted sizes - - - - -	00 10 a 0 0
Bagging, Kentucky, - - - - -	00 26 a 00 3
Scotch, - - - - -	00 24 a 00 2
Bale Rope, Ky., - - - - -	00 11 a 00 1
Eastern, - - - - -	00 9 a 00 1
Cotton, - - - - -	00 9 a 00 1
Iron, (per lb.), - - - - -	00 9 a 00 1
Castings, (per lb.), - - - - -	00 5 a 00 4
Mackezel, nos 1, 2, 3, (pr bl) 16 00 a 18 00	

REMARKS.

Business in general has been quite active during the week, and the weather highly favorable for its transaction, a copious shower of rain having purified our atmosphere and laid the excess of dust which had afflicted us for the last two months.

Bacon.—Continues scarce; a few wagon loads came in from the country, and were readily taken at our quotations.

Flour.—Is firm, but sales have only been for retail purposes—it is sold from wagons at \$5 50 per bbl.

COFFEE.—Is in good demand but without change in price—some good.

SUGAR.—Firm—some new crop has been received and is offered at previous rates.

BAGGING AND BALE ROPE.—The market is still unsupplied with these articles—large stocks are however daily looked for.

COTTON.—Has come in rapidly since our last week's notice, receipts having exceeded 300 bales per day, a large quantity of which has been sold at prices considered favorable to sellers, when compared with the rate of the N. O. market—the chief sales vary at 9 10 to 9 34 c's per lb.—Western World.

NOTICE.

BY virtue of two executions to me directed from the Honorable Circuit Court, will expose to public sale on the first Monday in December next, at the court house in the town of Holy Springs the following property. One negro man named John, and another named Cherry, lived on the property of Joshua S. Curtis at the instance of Henry Love and William Crain. Sale within lawful hours.

H. FERRELL, Dep. For L. McCROSKEY, S. J. Nov. 16th 1839. No. 33. 3w Prs fee 6.

Notice.

ON Monday the 16th day of December next I will sell for cash at the Court House in Holy Springs a parcel of Lot No 11, situated in the town of Holy Springs fronting South 117 ft and running back north 241 feet Leveled on as the property of George R. Craft to satisfy eight Executions in favour of Isaac A. Heron and others against Needham Kennedy wife George D. Young and the said George R. Craft securities.

H. FERRELL, Dep. For L. McCROSKEY, S. J. Nov. 16th 1839. no 38—2w. Prs. fee 6.

ADMINISTRATORS SALE.

In pursuance of an order of the Hon. Probate Court of Marshall County, Se. 1839. I shall proceed to sell to the highest bidder on the premises, on the 12th of December next. The following described Real and Personal Estate of the late Rob. Stone dec'd to wit: The North W. quarter of Section 17, of Township 5, Range 4 west. Also, two likely Negro the crop of Corn and Fodder, one yoke Oxen and Wagon &c. There is about five acres of cleared land in a high state cultivation, on the above quarter section well comfortable dwelling houses, stables out houses, corn crib, and a well of first rate water only twelve feet deep. A credit of twelve months will be given, the purchaser to bond with approved security.

R. M. CHILDRESS, Administrator. Nov. 9th, 1839, n37—4t. Prs. fee \$5.

NOTICE.

ON Monday the 18th, of November I will sell at the Court House in Holy Springs, Lot No.—in Mount Pleasant taken by virtue of an Execution as the property of Thos. Bell, to satisfy C. T. Bents debt and cost.

ALF. SIMPSON, Dep. For L. McCROSKEY, S. J. Nov. 9th, 1839. 37—2t. Prs. \$1.50.

LATE ARRIVALS.

10 BOXES L. A. James River Tobacco just received and for sale by BRUNSON, CHEATHAM & CO.

SUGAR.

JUST received 20 barrels N. O. Sugar put up expressly for Family use 10 lbs. Boston brand, Low! ditto for sale now, by BRUNSON, CHEATHAM & CO.

WANTED.

A BOY WILL BE TAKEN THIS OFFICE TO LEARN T. PRINTING BUSINESS Sept. 14, 1